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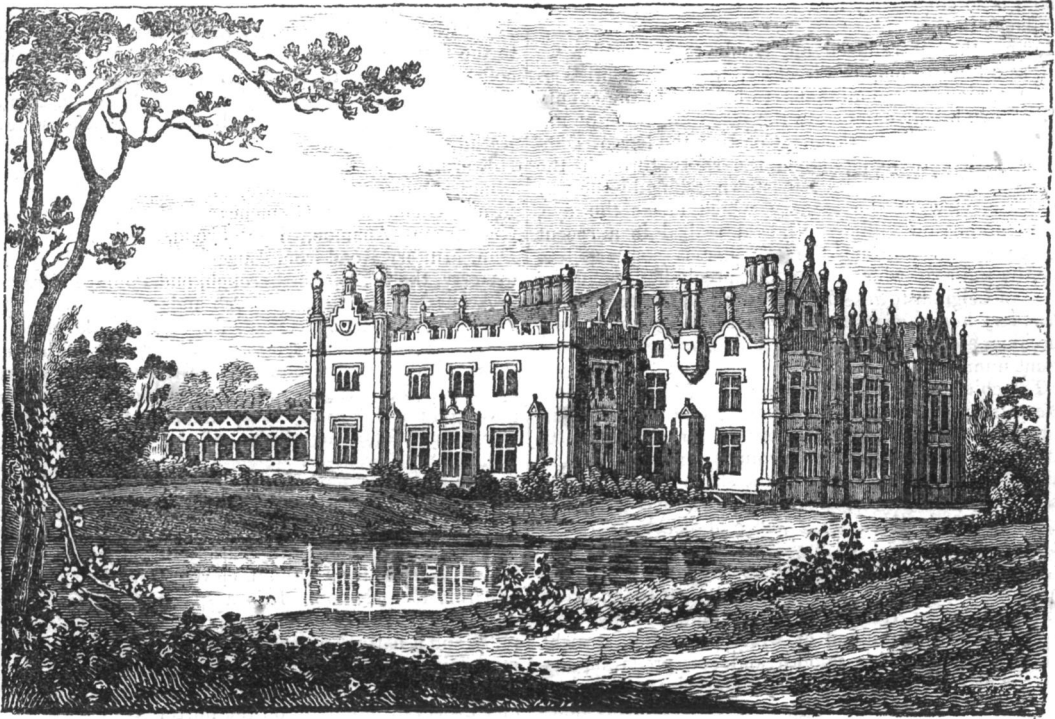
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KILRUDDERY HOUSE.

A GUIDE TO THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW.*

In a "Three Days' Ramble" through the county of Wicklow, which appeared in our 82d number, we gave a bird's eye view of the general beauties of this interesting tract of country. That any sketch of this description, which could be given in a single number of our Journal, must of necessity be a mere outline, will at once be apparent to the reader. In the little volume before us, however, there is every direction which a tourist could require to assist him in exploring this land of glen, and flood, and mountain. That such publications tend greatly to benefit our island, there can be no question. They open up the country to the notice of our English and Scottish neighbours, many of whom we are happy to find, have, during the season, taken advantage of the "cessation of arms" proclaimed by Captain Rock, to come over and see what kind of creatures *the wild Irish* are; and it is gratifying to notice that in general those who came over in this way have returned with a much better opinion of poor Paddy than they had previously formed. They may, indeed, pity his wretchedness, and deplore the misery, and sith, and destitution with which he is surrounded—but in

few instances have we ever heard the slightest charge brought against our peasantry, by strangers travelling through the country, of any thing bordering on rudeness or want of courtesy: on the contrary, the genuine good nature they have evinced when direction or assistance has been required from any of them, even in the wildest districts, has called forth the warmest approbation. To the writings of a Johnson and a Scott, Scotland is greatly indebted for much of her present popularity, as a land, if not overflowing with milk and honey, at least with lovely lakes, and picturesque waterfalls; and we would again express the hope that some of our writers of talent and observation will turn their attention, more than has hitherto been done, to descriptions of those portions of our island which are at present unknown to the general class of tourists visiting this country. That in many districts of Ireland, altogether unknown to fame, there are scenes as varied, and beautiful, and picturesque as any of those to be met with in the districts to which the attention of tourists is at present directed, we ourselves can affirm from actual observation; and we trust that ere long the pleasing task of bringing them fairly before the public view will be undertaken by persons competent for it. But our limits and our guide book remind us that at present we must confine our observations to the county of Wicklow, which we are informed, in our author's introductory chapter, "is one of the smallest in Ire-

* Guide to the county of Wicklow, illustrated with five engravings, and a map. New edition, corrected and enlarged. Dublin: William Curry, Jun., and Company; Simpkin and Marshall, London.

land, lies directly south of Dublin, and contains an area of six hundred and sixty square miles, being thirty three miles in length by twenty in breadth. It is bounded on the east by the Irish Sea; on the west by parts of Carlow, Kildare, and Dublin counties, and on the south by Wexford."

"The aboriginal chieftains of Wicklow, the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, O'Kavanaghs, and Walshes, are now either extinct or in total obscurity, and their once great domains have passed into other hands.

"The face of the country is extremely varied; in one part rich, level, and fertile; in another, mountainous and barren.

"The visiter will in vain look for either peculiarity of costume, or distinctness of accent: intercourse with the metropolis has destroyed the former, and no county in Ireland is so completely free from the least tincture of peculiarity in dialect."

Having thus introduced our Guide to the reader, we shall, as a kind of map or directory, for such tourists as may be anxious to see all that is to be seen in the county of Wicklow, briefly enumerate the places to which he undertakes accompanying them. Coasting the bay of Dublin, or rather rambling along the shore, through the villages of Black Rock and Kingstown, taking by the way a passing view of the scenery which meets the eye, while standing on Killiney hill, as described in a recent number of our Journal, the traveller is conducted to Bray, by the road which passes Cabinteely-house and the village of Leighlinstown—from Bray to Old Connaught and Kilruddery-house, of which latter place we must needs say something, as forming the vignette or frontispiece of our present number.

"The chief object in conducting our fellow travellers along this road is, to visit the demesne and house of Kilruddery. The grounds are laid out in an old-fashioned, formal style of Dutch pleasure grounds, and are, in this country, quite unique. Amongst the shrubberies are some of the finest evergreens in Ireland. In one place is a circular pond, inclosed by a hedge of beech, nearly 20 feet in height.

"The pleasure grounds higher up the hill are disposed in a uniform manner; from different centres broad green walks diverge, as radii of a circle, inclosed by close beechen hedges, at the end of which run long, straight terraces, carpeted with smooth and soft green moss.—Here the arbutus is seen of an enormous size, and indeed every tree in the demesne appears to wanton in the luxuriance of its situation, for all have outstripped the usual limits of their specific growth.

"The old mansion of Kilruddery becoming unfit for the residence of a nobleman of taste and fortune, was removed in the year 1820, and the present splendid building commenced upon the same site. This beautiful and singular structure is after the design of an eminent artist, W. Morrison, Esq., to whose ingenuity and taste Shelton Abbey, in this county, will bear a lasting and enviable testimony.

"Kilruddery House represents the style of architecture of the latter end of Henry's and beginning of Elizabeth's reign, that style which superseded the florid Gothic, and is now called the old English: many specimens are to be seen in England, but not a single instance in this country. The exterior here is richly decorated with ornamental carving; bower windows are surmounted by open work balustrades, the summits of each pier being ornamented with armorial bearings. The entrance is beneath an octagonal tower, crowned with a cupola, rising in the centre of the north front. Ascending, then, a broad flight of steps, the great hall is entered. This splendid apartment, which rises to the height of the building, is an admirable specimen of the ancient baronial hall, the scene of noble-minded hospitality and grandeur, where minstrels—

'Poured to lord and lady gay
The unpremeditated lay.'

"The walls are wainscotted with oak, to about one-third of their height, at which level a gothic cornice and frieze, filled with armorial bearings, run round the chamber. Above this the light is admitted, on one side, by a

row of lofty windows, glazed with stained glass. An open arcade is continued round the remaining sides; the arches of which corresponding with the windows, preserve continuity and uniformity. The ceiling is supported by carved oak-beams, resting on open-work brackets, springing from goshawks, the family crest, carved in dark oak. The grand staircase opens from the hall, and is richly and beautifully decorated. The reception rooms, which are in suite, open on the great hall; they consist of a morning parlour, dining-room, library, and great drawing-room: the last mentioned apartment, which is forty-four feet in length, is subdivided by two skreens of porphyritic columns, supporting a rich entablature. There is, besides, a small drawing-room, with a singularly beautiful pendent ceiling; this elegant apartment terminates the suite, and opens into an extensive conservatory, filled with the choicest plants."

Quitting Kilruddery-house, the tourist is next conducted to the Little Sugar Loaf, thence to the Dargle, Powerscourt, Waterfall, the Glen of the Downs, Belle View, Delgany, Newtown Mount Kennedy, Altadore, Dunran, Devil's Glen, Nun's Cross, Rosanna, Wicklow town, Rathdrum, Avondale, Meeting of the Waters, Castle Howard, Bally Arthur, Shelton Abbey, Arklow, Gold Mines, Ovoca, Glenmalure, Lugnaquilla, Glenmalure Mines, Glendalough, Glenmacanass, Lough Ouler, Lough Nahanagan, Anamoe, Roundwood, Luggelaw, Lough Dan, Military Road from Luggelaw to Lough Bray, Enniskerry, the Scalp, Russborough, and Poul-a-Phuca.

Accurately to describe each and every one of those places, would occupy as many Journals as the places referred to; we shall, therefore, for the present content ourselves with the description given of the valley of Glendalough and the Seven Churches, of which there is an engraving in a following page, referring the reader to the work itself for a description of the other places mentioned.

GLENDALOUGH.

"The valley of Glendalough, commonly called the Seven Churches, is situated in the barony of Ballinacor, twenty-two Irish miles from Dublin, eleven from Wicklow, and five from Roundwood. It is a spacious valley, between one and two thousand yards in breadth, and about two miles and a half in extent, having lofty and precipitous mountains hanging over it upon every side, except on that by which it is entered between Derrybawn on the south, and Broccagh mountain on the north.

"We shall not be accused of under-valuing the wonder-working powers of nature in her exhaustless combinations: we must nevertheless affirm, that the effects of height, depth, and extent; the magic of light and shade, with all that is imposing in form, or exquisite in coloring—all that enchants the sense or transports imagination beyond it: in a word, beauty, and stern sublimity in their most splendid varieties, are ineffective, compared with the moral power of associations belonging to a scene like Glendalough.

"'You pass up the valley,' says the spirited describer, C. O., in introducing whom to the informed reader, we may say, gentlemen, you are acquaintances, we presume, 'through which a stream winds, for about half a mile, and ascending an eminence in the road, see before you, at a quarter of a mile distance, the site of the Bishopric and Abbey of Glendalough. Nothing can be more grand and interesting than this view—interesting from the association of ideas connected with these ruins—interesting from the wild and sublime character of the scenery around. The principal ruins stand on a green eminence that slopes down gradually from the breast of a mountain ridge, separating two deep glens, and terminating in a rich verdant swell just above the churches; the vale to the left is that of Glendalough, 'anglice,' the glen of the two lakes; that to the right neither so extensive nor so deep, nor surrounded with such precipitous mountains, contains some rich lead mines, which are now in full work; at the foot of the eminence on which the ruins stand, the streams, flowing from the glens to the left and right, unite and form the river, which running down by Lara, falls into the Ovoca. The ruins of Glendalough are more in-

teresting from their grouping and position than from any grandeur in their separate parts. Here is a lofty and perfect round tower, and here is one of the old stone-roofed buildings, similar to that on the rock of Cashel, and at St. Douglough's, near Dublin, which is called Kevin's kitchen. From the round tower, which is one of the finest I have seen, there is a full view up the two glens, and down the valley towards Lara—you enter the churchyard surrounding those buildings by an old ivied Saxon arch, which is now only kept from falling by the ivy that surrounds it. I repeat that there is nothing in these buildings peculiarly interesting—it is their extraordinary position, in the midst of the lonely mountains, placed at the entrance of a glen singularly deep and secluded, with its two dark lakes winding far in gloom and solitariness, and over which deep vale hang mountains of the most abrupt forms, in whose every fissure, linn, and gorge, there is a wild and romantic clothing of oak, and birch, and holly.

"On the southern side of the vale are the hills of Derrybawn and Lugduff, in the latter of which is St. Kevin's bed, a natural excavation in the front of a perpendicular rock, thirty feet above the surface of the lake.

"Between Lugduff and Derrybawn is a stream of peculiarly clear and cold water, dangerous to bathe in, as the sun has no influence on its surface at any period of the day, from the thickness of the woods overhanging it, and from the parrowness and depth of the dell. A little to the east is an extraordinary fissure, where the horizontal strata of mica slate, composing the mountain's brow, are cleft perpendicularly, and one part of the hill appears to have sunk below the level of the other; this is called the Giant's Cut. I believe," says the author from whom we quote, "such an appearance is called in miner's language a fault, and in every instance where it occurs, the strata fall down more or less, and then at a lower level continue their course, at the same angle with their horizon.—This fault or break in the stratification, looking as if the side of the hill was cut in two, and the continuity destroyed by some sharp instrument, has given rise to a legend, which of course had its place in Mr. Irwin's catalogue.

LEGEND OF FIN M'COOL.

"That's Fin M'Cool's job—the cut above us he made with his own two-handed sword." "No bad specimen, Irwin, of his arm's strength, or his steel's temper; but on what occasion pray?" "Look, your honour, across the lake, and you can't but see, on the brow of Comaderry, a big white rock. Well, Sir, upon a day, as Fin M'Cool was resting and cooling himself with an odd whiff of a pipe, up there above us, on Derrybawn; who should come, but Brian Borou, King of Munster, and he sits him down just opposite, on the big white rock of Comaderry, and the king cries out to General Fin—"bright morning to you Fin, ma nouchal; sure I'm come from giving the Danes the greatest leatherin' that ever the villains of the world got, since they came from the East sea—troubling and racking poor Ireland—the villains!—I've finished their job at Clontarf; or, as the place is spelt in English, the Bull's field, near Dublin—'ah, it's there I've bullied them—I'll be bound it's little more nose-rent they'll ever again gather in green Erin—and Fin, my tight youth, as I have done a good hand's turn for Ireland, now's your time; for I have got the hard word that those thieving Danes, fairly beat as they were by me on Clontarf, have got a magician from out of Norway to come and gother all the giants that were ever in the known world, from Goliath of Gath to Gog and Magog; and he has them all in a camp on the Curragh of Kildare. So Fin, my son, you're the only man in all Ireland, you and your Fions, to go against these big, factious, and heathenish fellows, who have no fear of God, or of his sacred saints, Patrick, or Bridget, or Kevin, before their eyes. But Fin, my dear man, though I send you, as it is proper I should, being king commander of all Ireland, I'm in dread that I'll never lay my two eyes on you again—for these monstrous fellows must and will eat you up, even supposing you were twice as game and stout as all the world knows you are." "Never you fear me," replies Fin—

"I've a bit of a sword along my leg that never yet failed, or let me come off in fight or ruction second best." Well then, says Brian Borou, King of Munster, 'I'd give the best cow on all the corksakes of Clare, to see you try that good sword upon a giant's skull.'—"Troth then, now," says Fin, laughing, the good natured fellow! "more's the pity, for the sake of your Majesty's fun, that I have not the head of one of the fellows under my fist, until I'd give you a pattern of what I could do—but, any how, you shan't want for a holy show"—so he ups with his sword, and taking advantage of the fall of the hill, he hits the mountain such a skelp, that he just gashed it down and left it as you now see."

DESCRIPTION OF JOE IRWIN, THE GUIDE.

"Leaving my horse at a wretched inn near the bridge, I was accosted as I proceeded towards the churches, by a queer-looking old fellow, attired in what once was a military frock coat, that might have been scarlet, but now by some dirty dye had assumed the hue of bog-water; this hung in stripes about his heels, with an old shapeless felt on his head, such as country boys call a cobbeem—his countenance was not less uncouth than his attire—a leering cautious cunning in the wink of his eye, a hooked miserly formed nose, a huge mouth, whose under lip hung loose and pendulous. The expression of the whole outward man denoted practised confidence, cunning, and meanness. Addressing me with the assurance that denoted his calling—

"Here I am, Joe Irwin, the best and only guide to the Churches—I'm the boy that can show your honour all, and tell you all; sure it's I that's in the book."

"What book?"

"Why Doctor Wright's book, that tells the quality all about the county of Wicklow—sure I'm down there, printed off in black and white—and sure it was nobody else but I, that showed the Duchess of R—— all and every thing about the churches—'twas I, my own self, that handed her, all as one as if I was her Duke, into Kevin's bed—and there I brought also, the great Sir Walter Scott, who, though he be short of one leg, is an active and proper man sartainly, and very free, and dacent, and generous, as I may say, to a poor body. It was just at this hill where we now stand, that the Duchess ordered her coachman to draw up, and the darling lady looked out amongst us all, as we stood around, and a posy she was, with her cheeks as red as poppies among the corn; a proper woman too, as to size, as becomes a Duchess—so my dear life, out she drew her book, and then she axed "where is the guide that is down in *this book*, for no other will my *Grease* have," says she; so says I to myself, "now's your time, Joe Irwin, to step forward, for your the boy for her money;" so out I started from among the poor crathurs who were about the coach, for they all knew, sure enough, that I was the man in the book; so taking off my hat, and not forgetting to make a bow and a scrape of the heel, "I'm the boy you want, my *Grease*," says I; "I know the ins and outs of every thing here, and can tell yees all about St. Kevin, and King M'Thou, and Cathleen, and the dog, and the serpent, and the willow apple, and any thing else your Duchess pleases." "Come along then," says my Duchess, "you're the man for my money; and so let all the other spalpeens sneak off about their business, for not a mother sowl shall be a lower or get a penny of mine, but the man that's down in the book, and that's yourself, honest Joe Irwin."

"And now for Saint Kevin, 'Come,' says I to Mr. Irwin, my guide, as I sat down to rest myself under the shade of the old archway—"tell me, as you know all about Glendalough, tell me something about it in old times." "With all the veins of my heart, Sir, St. Kevin was born not long after St. Patrick; his father was a blood cousin of King M'Thou, or O'Tool, for it's all one in the Irish: he was the prettiest child ever born, they say, in Ireland, so beautiful that an angel from heaven came down, kissed him, and christened him himself, and called him Comgan, or Kevin, which signifies in Irish, the pretty boy. As he grew up he did not throw any discredit upon his christening, for he learned Latin as fast as another would sup milk, and instead of playing commons or pitch-and-toss

like other boys, he was always counting his beads ; and instead of spending his time a courting, as any other pretty gentleman would, he resolved to be a clergyman, and was full of holy thoughts ; so he one day came up here, on a visit to his blood relation, King M'Thoul, who owned all these mountains and vallies, and was now grown old, and, as a body may say, a little the worse of the wear, in mind as well as body. "How," says young Kevin to King M'Thoul, "does your lordship now spend your time, seeing you are grown too old to hunt the bucks and boars through the glen?" "Why it's no other way I spend my time, than seeing my geese swimming about the lake : and once on a time I had the greatest sport you ever saw with the gander, for he used to take flight about all those hills, and come back again to his old master ; but now he has grown old too, and can fly by no manner of means." "What will you give me," says Kevin, "if I make him fly again for you?" "Why I'll give you," says the easy, soft-hearted king, "all the ground he flies round, even suppose he flew round the whole glen." So blessed St. Kevin took the old gander in his hand, and bid him fly away. And, my dear life, away he went, round he flew the whole valley, up even to the tops of the hills, enclosed the place where the churches now stand, and the fine meadows along the river, and then came back to St. Kevin. "Now," says the saint, "King M'Thoul, be as good as your word ; give me this place, and I will dedicate it to God." And the king, if he were sorry, kept his grief to himself, and putting a handsome face on the thing, he made over to the saint, for ever and a day, this valley, and all belonging to it : and so then he began to build these fine churches, and that great tower.

"We shall conclude our notice of Saint Kevin with another amusing extract, from the lively and characteristic writer who has already stood us so much in good stead.

LEGEND OF GARADH DUFF.

"Having rested myself sufficiently, I proceeded with my guide through the grave-yard towards the largest of the ruined churches, which is called the cathedral. In passing along, Mr. Irwin directed my attention to an old grave-stone with a round hole in it. "This, Sir, said he, "is the tomb of Garadh Duff, or Black and Yellow, the horse-stealer, whom St. Kevin killed for telling him a lie. It happened as follows :—Black and Yellow one day was coming over the ford, there above, not far from Lough-na-peche, riding a fine black mare, with a foal at her foot ; and meeting the saint, blessed Kevin asked him, "where, Garadh, did you get that fine beast?" "Oh, I bought her from one of the Byrnes." "That's a lie, I know by your face, you thief." "Oh, may I never stir out of this spot," says Garadh, "if what I say is not true." "Dare you tell me so : now in order to make a liar, and a thief, and a holy show of you to the world's end, I'll fix your foal and mare there in that rock, and the print of their hoofs shall remain for ever, and you yourself must die and go to purgatory." "Well," if I must die," said the thief, "please me, holy father, in one thing, bury me in your own churchyard, and leave a hole in my tombstone, so that if any stray horse or cow should pass by, I may just push up my arm and make a snap at their leg, if it was nothing else but to remind me of my humour, and that I may keep my temper during the long day of the grave."

"We recommend the tourist to visit the curiosities of Glendalough in the order of the following description :

"The first ruin on the road side, on the north of the vale, is usually called the Ivy Church ; it was a small chapel, originally roofed with stone, at one end of which are the remains of a round tower, perfectly detached from the body of the church, although only by a distance of a few feet. The ruins of this church are too imperfect to detain the tourist long.

"At the distance of about a quarter of a mile are the supposed ruins of the famous city of Glendalough. The origin of this city, and its celebrity as a seat of learning, are attributed to Saint Mochuorog or Mocrorog, a Briton. A little paved space, of a quadrangular form, now called the market place, indicates its site ; from this a paved causeway led to Hollywood, on the borders of the county of Kildare, through the vale of Glendason. This little Appian way, which is yet visible, was composed of blocks

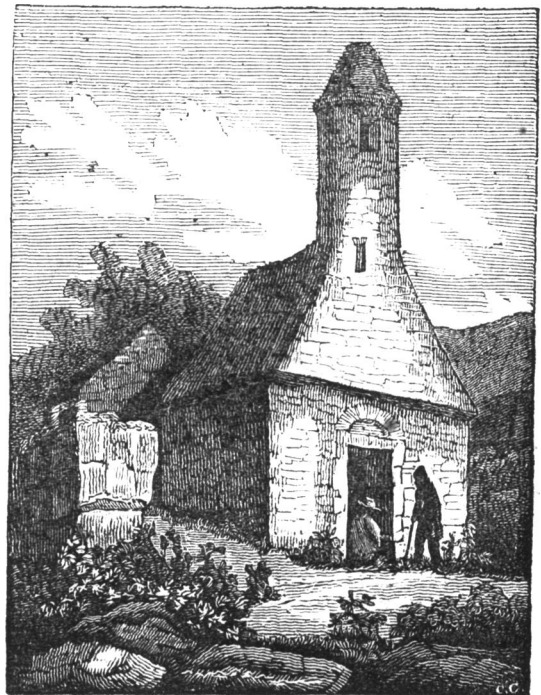
of hewn stone, placed edge-wise, and was about twelve feet in breadth.

"Not far from the village is a rivulet, called St. Kevin's Kieve, which is said to possess miraculous powers.

"Near the cathedral stand the ruins of a small building, probably used as a sacristy, or place where the relics and religious vestments were preserved. Visitors are recommended to turn round three times in this closet, as a preventive of future head-aches. In the confused heaps around these buildings, a stone is pointed out, bearing three figures ; that in the centre represents some religious person, on whose right hand is a pilgrim, leaning on his staff, and on the left, a sinner extending a purse of money as a commutation for penance.*

"Several remnants of crosses lie scattered up and down, the most remarkable of which is that standing in the cemetery of the cathedral, eleven feet in height, and formed of one solid block of granite. Certain miraculous properties are attributed to this ; but it is first necessary that the votary should completely embrace the stone, making his hands meet at the opposite side. The stranger naturally walks up to the front of the cross, and throwing his arms about the stone, attempts to unite his hands ; this he will soon find impracticable, from the great breadth of the flat front ; but upon changing his situation, and standing close up to the narrow side of the shaft, the object will be easily accomplished.

"To the west of the cathedral stood our Lady's Church : this could not have been a very extensive structure originally, but from the traces still discoverable, it appears to have been built with more architectural taste and knowledge than the others. The doorway must have been admirably executed : in the lintel was wrought a cruciform ornament, not unlike the flyer of a stamping press. The walls, as high as the doorway, are of hewn stone of a large size, and the remainder of a rag stone, admirably cemented. The eastern window was like that of the cathedral, but it is now in a ruinous condition.—There are several recesses in the wall, in which females, particularly those lately united in the hymeneal bonds, are advised to turn round three times : the advantages of this ceremony will be satisfactorily stated by the guide.



KEVIN'S KITCHEN.

St. Kevin's Kitchen is now the most perfect of the Seven Churches, it is roofed with stone, and has a steeple

* This is Ledwich's explanation, which is much ridiculed by Dr. Lanigan.